A New BALLAD,

SHEWING

All ſhall be well One Hundred YEARS hence.

To the Tune, *The King ſhall enjoy his own again.*

1.

SAd Times! ſad Times! are coming on,
O! lamentable Story,
See People how they run, to be undone,
For ſupporting *Britiſh* Glory;
Still ev'ry Court-Don, for to enrich his Son,
Will be either *Whig*, or *Tory*,
Ah! wrong the *Dice* will run, till Credit we have (none,
But all will be well One Hundred Years hence.

2.

Poor Men againſt their Will, their Blood muſt ſpill,
To keep moſt *Conſtables* from breaking,
And tho' they're paid but ill, the *French* they're bound (to kill,
Or elſe Stone-Walls be taking.
Thus many poor Slaves, muſt fighting be for K——s,
Who in ſafety are heaping up Riches,
Each Cormorant moſt grave, our ſpeedy Ruine craves,
But all will be well One Hundred Years hence.

3.

'Cauſe *Trading* is ſo dead, that th' *Engliſh* want Bread,
The *Palatines* all flock hither,
And that like *France* we ſhou'd, when Poor wear Shoes (of Wood,
A Tax is laid on Leather;
Yet that our Miſery, we may not plainly ſee,
On *Candles* is laid a Gabel,
Till thirty two Years flee, in Darkneſs we muſt be;
But all will be well One Hundred Years hence.

4.

Becauſe in *Spain*, Men faſt enough arn't ſlain,
A *South-Sea* Trade's projected,
For Men to fight in vain, for what will ne'er be tane,
But with *Whims* our Land's infected;
A Man is made a P—r, who'll Caſtles build in Air,
Till's Politicks by Time's detected:
And it is very rare to find a High-Church *M——r*;
But all will be well One Hundred Years hence.

5.

The *Clergy* are afraid, when *Biſhops* they are made
To preach God's Word too common;
Dunkirk we had had, but that we were betray'd
By a ſweet, good, generous Woman,
Whoſe Mate, without a Scar, ſtrives to prolong (W
For the ſake of wicked *Mammon*;
Whilſt Soldiers they do jar, and damn their ruling Sc
But all will be well One Hundred Years hence.

6.

Wiſe *Senators* moſt wholſome Laws
Deviſe, to drain your Purſes;
New Offices your Money draws,
In ſpight of all your Curſes,
And tho' we do deny, the *Pope*'s Supremacy,
For *Popiſh Crowns* were ſlaughter'd,
By which we do eſpy, the *State*'s Hypocriſie:
But all will be well One Hundred Years hence.

7.

Whilſt *Holland* do's Dance, we lie in a Trance,
And *England* muſt pay the Piper;
Men and Coyn we advance, to quell the Pride o
(*France*
Whilſt others ſtand for a Cypher;
Nay, 'cauſe we ſhou'd not know, how here the Tim
(do go
Our *Almanacks* muſt be ſtamped;
Tho' Towns we overthrow, yet *Peace* comes very ſlow
But all will be well One Hundred Years hence.

8.

Taxes increaſe, and *Honeſty* do's ceaſe,
Small Vermin ſtill grows greater;
A C——r and a K——e is all of a Piece,
The whole Nation is their Debtor;
Ye ſtand a pretty Lay, who muſt your Money pay
To R——s that will be cheating
Their *Queen* and *Country* too, till both they wou'd und
But all will be well One Hundred Years hence.

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